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ART. IV. — *The Adventures of Daniel Boone.* By the Author of "Uncle Philip's Conversations." New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1844.

WE are sorry to see this little volume. It is taken almost entirely from Mr. Flint's biography of Boone, and contains the same errors, fables, and absurdities. For instance, the hero is said to have been born in 1746, whereas, he was born in 1732; he is said to have died in 1818, although his death really took place in 1820; and at the time of his decease he was, we are told, in his eighty-fourth year, when in reality he was eighty-eight. Nay, the writer of this work has even failed to perceive, that, if born in 1746, he would have been in his seventy-second or seventy-third year if he had died in 1818, and not in his eighty-fourth; he has copied even Mr. Flint's false arithmetic. We find, also, Mr. Flint's fabulous account of Boone's recovery of his daughter, when taken by the Indians in 1776, — the falsity of which Mr. Butler exposed years ago; and also the story derived, professedly, from Audubon, which we believe to be equally untrue. Indeed, this volume, throughout, follows Mr. Flint with exquisite fidelity, and, we regret to say, does it, too, without acknowledgment. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on the work before us, or on any of the other lives or sketches of the hero of this book. We wish, if we can, to shake ourselves free from books, and cities, and the present time, and go with our readers into the grim and green wilderness, and look at the pioneers as they press so boldly, yet cautiously, forward, and build their cabins in the shade of the noble forests which cover the hunting-grounds of the Cherokee and the Shawanese.

The spring of 1769 rose calmly over those broad woodlands. Not a cabin, not a wigwam, lay hidden in those budding valleys; not a white man's foot profaned their ancient silence. Elsewhere there was noise enough. Boston merchants, and Virginia burgesses, and British ministers, all scolding at once about the right of trial in the colonies, and the non-importation of English goods; traders swearing and Indians yelling, from the Ohio to lake Erie. The western slopes of the Alleghanies swarmed with emigrants. On the Wabash and the Illinois, red, white, and mongrel men made the prairies hide-

ous with their orgies. In the south, and along the Mississippi, the Anglo-Saxons were already crowding the Frenchman and the Spaniard. But in the midst of all this busy life, in the centre of this whirlpool of humanity, lay a virgin land, unknown to the white, uninhabited by the red man, — the Dark and Bloody Ground, — the hunter's paradise ; the home of the buffalo and the elk. Englishmen had sailed up and down the " *Belle Rivière* " for twenty years ; they had built trading stations in the centre of Ohio ; they knew the Miami, and the Scioto, and the Maumee by heart ; they had formed great companies to colonize the West. But the peerless forests of that neutral ground, where the Indians of the north and south met to chase the bison together, or to engage in deadly conflict, had been scarce ever entered by the pioneers of the West, the roaming traders.

The reason is plain enough ; there were no dwellers there, none to trade with. Of one band, a dim and shadowy company, and of one only, we hear, as having entered Kentucky before 1769. In 1767, John Finley, — with others, we cannot doubt, — having crossed the mountains by the Cumberland gap, instead of following the old beaten path of business to the Cherokees and other southern savages, turned northward, along an Indian track known as the Warrior's Road, which led from the Cumberland ford over the broken country lying upon the eastern branches of the Kentucky river, on to the mouth of the Scioto. John was a business man, and saw a good chance for speculation by buying up the Indians' peltries on the spot where they took them ; and it seems that he drove a good trade, and was pleased with the country ; so that he left, promising himself a speedy return and farther profits. Slowly over that rugged region Finley and his comrades toiled back to Carolina ; and the tales they told of the game that filled those new lands buzzed far and wide among the long-legged, fearless hunters that ranged the eastern slope, and the steep valleys of the Appalachian range.

Among these hunters was one Daniel Boone, who, with his wife and children, lived in the upper valley of the Yadkin ; a man in the prime of life, thirty-six years of age, — for he was born in the same year with Washington, 1732. He was a quiet man, who had known poverty, and after many changes was poor still. A born hunter Daniel was, and fond of nothing but hunting, — a man who preferred to roam the

mountain, and sleep in a cavern or camp by a gushing spring, to the dull farm life and the home fireside. We say he was a born hunter ; he possessed the instinct of the bee, and could go to his own dwelling in a bee-line from any point to which his wanderings might carry him. Fatigue, hunger, and exposure he could bear like an Indian. Strong, but light, active as a deer, courageous, but cautious, kind, silent, thoughtful, he was the very man to act the part of pioneer. And to him, among others, came rumors of the new lands which the traders had visited, and his heart burned within him. He sought out Finley, and from his own lips learned that of a truth there was a country where buffalo swarmed like flies in summer, and where the wild turkey and the deer were scarce worth wasting powder upon. How he meditated on the tales he had heard, how he discussed the wisdom of an excursion to the Far West with Mrs. Boone, and how she vanquished him in argument, but could not change his heart one hair's breadth, how he climbed the mountains and thought of the distant Eden, and slept by the brook-side and dreamed of it, — all these things our readers must imagine as they best can. Little doubt can exist that the year before Boone's journey began was a year of hesitation, and hope, and doubt, and deep thought. But the temptation was too strong for him. The winter of 1768–9 wore away, and listlessly Daniel performed his spring duties on the farm, and sighed as he thought how the year was passing by. March passed, and April glided on, and still he lingered. But at length Finley prepared to return to the place he had before visited, and renew his trade with the savages ; and, on the 1st of May, throwing aside plough and hoe, Daniel tightened his belt, put a new edge to his knife, shouldered his rifle, bade his wife and little ones good by, and, in company with five comrades, started “ in quest of the country of Kentucky.”

Finley led the way ; by the Negro mountain, over range after range of rugged hills, through the Cumberland gap, northward by the ford, on and on they toiled toward the Red river, a branch of the Kentucky, running from the eastern highlands. Rain poured upon the little band of pioneers ; the paths were most rough and toilsome ; and as days came and went, — one week, two, three, — and still steep hills and narrow valleys, gushing streams and tangled woods, alone

met their eyes, they began to think more highly of having a roof within a hundred miles of one, and a change of clothes once a month in rainy weather. But they had put their hands to the plough, and might not look back. Five weeks had gone and the sixth was entered upon, when Finley began to recognize the neighbourhood ; the hills were less abrupt ; the forest was more open ; cane-brakes began to appear ; now and then small herds of buffalo were seen ; and at length, upon the 7th of June, the wet, weary sojourners stopped, built themselves a cabin, dried their clothes, cleaned their guns, talked over their plans by the blazing fire, and fell asleep by its embers.

They talked over their plans, but what they were we know not. Nothing can well be more barren than the preposterous paper prepared by John Filson from Boone's account of himself ; and yet that paper is our only source of exact information as to the events of much of the pioneer's life. From it we learn, that, from June 7th to the 22d of December, 1769, the band of adventurers hunted with great success, and that, upon the last named day, Boone and one of his companions were suddenly attacked by Indians and made prisoners ; whereupon the other four took to their heels and got back to the settlements as soon as possible. This is all that we know ; but in accordance with the habit of more eminent historians, it may be proper, in the absence of facts, to introduce some suppositions. We would suggest, therefore, that, during the six months and a half spent before the attack of the savages, Finley and his fellows had been trading with the Indians as on his former visit. That six white men could scour the choice hunting-grounds of the natives, undiscovered, for half a year, is not to be believed, and probably friendly relations during that time existed between the white and red men. But how these relations were disturbed we know not. Very probably some of Boone's comrades were knaves and cheated their simple customers ; or it may have been jealousy of the strangers, who, from mere passing traders, seemed changing into residents and claimants of the lands, that led the Indians to the act of violence recorded by Boone.

But whatever may have caused the natives to assume a hostile attitude toward the new-comers, certain it is that from that 22d of December, 1769, they always maintained it, till

the power of the invaders was too great to be longer resisted, and Wayne wrung from them the treaty of Greenville. Boone and his companion were their first prisoners, and remained in durance for seven days. During that time they avoided showing any sign of hoping, or even of wishing, to escape, and thus succeeded in throwing their captors off their guard, so that, after a week of confinement, they were able to set themselves free. Boone does not tell us that he used this time in noticing the ways and stratagems of the Indians ; but we cannot doubt that he did so, and thus prepared himself more effectually to baffle them at their peculiar art and mystery. Indeed, we have often thought that he continued so long in captivity for the very purpose of making himself acquainted with those customs and tricks, which he had never before, probably, had so good an opportunity of learning. When free, he and his friend soon found their way back to the camp where they had spent the summer ; but behold ! it was deserted. It was no part of Boone's plan, however, after he had once entered so deeply into the dangers and delights of the wilderness, to leave them on the first show of danger ; and he, with Stewart, his companion in captivity, continued to hunt as before, only using greater precautions against being once more surprised by the savages.

While Daniel was thus daring the perils of the extreme frontier, his brother, Squire Boone, a man of equal skill and spirit, was on his way from the settlements to join him. Following the Warrior's Road, he came at last, in company with one other man, to the camp near the Red river, and there found his predecessors still alive and full of hope and courage. Whether he brought out any messages from Mrs. Daniel to her husband — orders to return, or the like — history fails to notice ; but if the bearer of any such requests, he bore them to no purpose, for the wanderer had no thought of going back to the plough while he could live so comfortably by the rifle. These four then commenced their winter campaign ; but not many weeks had passed before Stewart was killed by the Indians, an event which probably induced the new-comer, Squire Boone's companion, to return to Carolina ; and thus the brothers were left alone in the great forest of Kentucky. It was early in the year 1770 that they were thus left, and until March, 1771, they remained by themselves, with the exception of the months of May and June,

1770, when Squire Boone returned to the borders of the civilized world to provide a supply of powder and shot, while Daniel, without even a dog for company, hunted, travelled, ate, slept, meditated, and enjoyed his leisure.

It is impossible for men who have grown up in our tame civilization to enter into the feelings of one so situated. Many hundred miles from all to whom he could look for aid, in a boundless wood filled with subtle and cruel enemies, dependent upon his gun, yet with a scanty supply of ammunition, without a comrade or the hope of one, — and still contented and cheerful, nay, very happy. Every day he changed his position; every night he slept in a different place from the one he had occupied the night before; constantly in danger, he was forced to be constantly on his guard; but freedom, the love of nature, the excitement of peril, and the pleasures of the chase appear to have repaid him for all his trials, toils, and watchfulness. One circumstance, which helps us to explain Boone's security while among the bands of roaming savages, and, as we should suppose, in hourly dread of losing his life, was this; the forests of Kentucky at that early period were filled with a species of nettle, which being once trodden on retained for a long time the impression of the foot; even a turkey might with ease be tracked in it. This weed, the Indians, numerous and fearless, took no pains to avoid, while the solitary hunter never touched it; it thus became to him a sure and easy means of knowing the presence, position, and numbers of his enemies, without betraying his own whereabouts. The surface of the country was as if covered with snow for the feet of his foes, but naked for his own.

It was during this period that Mr. Flint represents him as standing at the mouth of Salt river, and looking at the distant Alleghanies, not more than five hundred miles off! Whether he went so far west as Salt river we have no means of knowing; but probably most of his time was spent about the valleys of the Kentucky and Licking. In the former was the choice region where he afterwards settled; in the latter he sought for salt, and was able also to kill any number of buffalo he desired.

One that has not seen them cannot realize the exquisite beauty of the forests near Lexington and Versailles. Free from all rugged undergrowth, but filled originally with the

slender, graceful cane ; carpeted by a turf like that of an English park, and with scarce a dry leaf to be seen ; the trees tall and stately, and of the most beautiful varieties ; the surface slightly rolling, with springs bursting from every hillside, and clear brooks singing along every valley, — these forests are the pride of the West. And these, when Boone first entered them, were swarming with game of every kind, bird and beast. No wonder he thought Kentucky an Eden. We can almost forgive Filson, who fills these noble woods with blossoms and fruit at the close of December.

The Licking valley possessed none of the charms of that of the Kentucky, but it contained an invaluable treasure in the mineral spring at the Blue Licks, now a fashionable watering-place. The hills of the Licking are steep and rugged ; near the Blue Licks they are barren and stony ; stripped of all herbage and of every bush, and beaten to macadam by the tramping, for ages, of immense herds of buffalo, elk, and mammoth. The spring itself is somewhat saline, that is, impregnated with common salt ; but it also contains many other mineral ingredients. It is a favorite water throughout the West and Southwest, the planters buying it in barrels, and drinking it in the morning as a preservative against bilious diseases. To the early settlers this spring had a threefold value ; it supplied them with salt, it was their grand medicine-chest, and it attracted immense quantities of game. From it in various directions went off great buffalo tracks, like turnpikes, along which the animals of the forest were for ever coming and going ; while about the spring itself, in the open valley, were sometimes gathered ten or twenty thousand bisons at a time. Such, at least, was the calculation of their numbers made by Simon Kenton, who lived near by, and was there very frequently. One obstacle alone interfered with the enjoyment of this unlimited supply of game ; in consequence of the bare character of the hills about the spring, it was impossible to approach the animals without exposing one's self to an enemy in the surrounding forest. But the nature of the hills and valleys, abrupt and varied, afforded excellent opportunities for concealment, and for the exercise of that skill and cunning upon which the hunters prided themselves.

We once heard an anecdote strikingly illustrative of this skill, which, if we remember right, came from Boone him-

self to our informant. Boone had approached the Licking from the west at the same time that Simon Kenton had reached the borders of the valley from the east. Each paused to reconnoitre, before he left the covert of the woods ; and each ascertained the presence of another human being in the neighbourhood. Then commenced a process on the part of each for learning who the other was without revealing himself ; and such was their mutually baffling power of concealment, that forty-eight hours passed before either could satisfy himself that the other was not an Indian and a foe.

About this spring, and through the region extending thence to the point where Boonesborough was afterwards built, Daniel hunted during nearly two months that his brother was absent. On the 27th of June, they were safely reunited, and again pursued their adventures together.

But we must for a time leave them to wander, while we notice the entrance, at that very period, into the South of Kentucky, of a band known as the Long Hunters. It was led by Colonel James Knox, and consisted, at the outset, of forty hunters, only nine of whom crossed the whole Appalachian range ; and while the Boones were wandering solitary over the sunny slopes about the Elkhorn, these men explored the wild and broken region lying upon the northern borders of Tennessee. But little is known even now of the vast country lying along the western slope of the Alleghanies from Kentucky to Georgia. The people of the interior of Africa have been more fully described, and the depths of the Himalaya range more thoroughly investigated. The whole region is as rugged as well can be, where there are neither volcanoes nor alpine peaks. You travel from two to three hundred miles, through a district destitute even of a cart-road, and where a wheeled vehicle was never seen. Three of the country towns of Kentucky are approachable only by bridle paths. In many parts, even horses cannot find footing. An informant, who tried to penetrate without a guide to the falls of the Cumberland, told us he was forced to leave his saddle and find his way on foot, sometimes on all fours. At one point, he came to a little settlement, and, knocking at a door to ask for food, was astonished to find himself, when it was opened, clasped in the arms of a stout mountain maiden ; not remembering ever to have seen her before, he knew not what to think of the civility, till he

learned that it was twelve years since she had seen any one except the half-dozen persons who lived near by, and a stranger was to her too great a rarity, too exquisite a luxury, to escape an enthusiastic welcome.

Into this most rough and inhospitable tract Colonel Knox and his companions forced their way in pursuit of the buffalo, and from the length of time they were absent from their homes, they obtained, in the traditions of the West, their name of the Long Hunters. In that same year, 1770, George Washington also visited the Ohio for the second time, going as far down as the Great Kanawha, to examine lands in that vicinity to which he had claims. The journal of his trip may be found in the appendix to the second volume of Mr. Sparks's great work; one fact alone therein mentioned is of much import to us in relation to Western history; that fact is the growing impatience of the Indians at the gradual encroachments of the whites on the lands south of the Ohio. To those lands England had obtained a nominal title by the treaty of Fort Stanwix, made two years before; but from what Washington saw, it is clear that the Mingoes and Shawanese of the West were not disposed to yield their hunting-lands at the bidding of the proud Iroquois of New York, and already the exasperation which resulted in Dunmore's war had shown itself in various ways.*

But of Washington and Knox the Boones knew nothing. Having stayed as long as they dared in the neighbourhood of the Kentucky river, they went southward toward the Cumberland, and there continued their strange, dangerous, but exciting life, until March, 1771, when they returned home.

From 1771 till 1773, the beauties and excellences of the West were in a great degree lost sight of. In England there was enough of discussion and bad blood relative to the great valley of the Mississippi; but in Carolina, Boone leaned upon his plough, and through Virginia and Pennsylvania, the frontier men moved lazily or not at all. Why this was so we have no means of ascertaining; but all the meagre records of Western history yet accessible give us no hint of any important steps taken in the settlement of the land until

* See, on this whole subject, *North American Review*, Vol. XXXV., pp. 1-20.

1773. In that year, by the Ohio river, went on their labors the McAfees, Thomas Bullitt, Hancock, Taylor, James Douglas, Colonel Floyd, and others less known to provincial fame ; while Boone, poorer than any of them, but now world-famous, hitched his team and gathered his cattle, and took his wife and household gods, and began his journey of emigration by the same Cumberland route which he had taken on his first expedition.

But it was not destined that he should yet become a “res-identer” of the Eden he was bound to. He had sold his farm, reconciled his helpmate to her new lot, had shaken hands twice over with all the neighbours, — for every body loved him, — and on the 25th of September had set his face Kentucky-ward. He had climbed the Blue ridge and the Iron mountains, crossed the valley of the Clinch, and had won his way over Powell’s ridge, and was drawing nigh to the last great barrier, the Cumberland range, with five families from the Yadkin besides his own, and forty men who had joined him in Powell’s valley, when, upon the 10th of October, unlooked for as thunder from a clear sky, a band of Indians poured upon the rear of the little emigrant army a deadly fire. Women shrieked, children squalled, the cattle broke and ran, horses reared and plunged, the young men drew their rifles to their shoulders, and the old “treed” instantly. A few moments decided the matter ; the whites were victors ; but six dead men, and one badly injured, gave them an idea of the nature of frontier life. Among the dead was Daniel Boone’s oldest son. A council of the survivors was at once called, and though, we presume, only men were present thereat, we doubt not that women and children were represented. Anxiety was in every face ; the hostile conduct of the savages, their evident preparation to resist all farther invasion of their hunting-grounds, the loss of cattle, the fears of wives and daughters, the probability of a universal massacre if they went forward, — all concurred in recommending an immediate retreat ; and Daniel found himself unwillingly obliged to resign his paradise on the very day that he was called to weep the death of his son. They turned on their track, and retrod their steps to Clinch river, a distance of forty miles. Alas for our woodman ! Another year of quiet, stupid repose and farm labor seemed destined to try his patience. Dozing in security under his

stoop by the westward flowing stream, he sighed for the howl of the wolf, and the stealthy, scarce-leaf-rustling tread of the Shawanee.

He dozed, but dreamed not how rapidly, since he left them, his fellow white-men had desecrated the solemn forest-temples he had wandered and worshipped in. All that summer of 1773 had Mammon been sending his pioneers into the wilderness, — surveyors and speculators. Gallant men many of them were, and they loved dearly the life of danger they led. Far superior to Boone in the power of planning, in grasp of intellect, in education, fortune, and demeanour, there were still few or none of them his equals in forest-craft and a simple love of forest-life. They measured out, with cool, scientific, money-loving eyes, the glorious valleys and greensward woods, at sight of which Boone's lids had run over with tears of delight. They laid out towns where he had fancied the buffalo and deer would congregate for ever ; and though already the fierce mutterings of the tribes beyond the Ohio reached their ears, and they knew a contest to be inevitable, they lingered, rod and chain in hand, on the pleasant banks of the Elkhorn, or by the cave-born rivulets that feed the Kentucky.

Meanwhile the long-smothered hatred of the Indians was burning towards a clear flame. Injury upon injury inflicted by the unprincipled land-jobbers, who swarmed along the Ohio from Wheeling downward, made every savage heart beat with darker blood ; and when, toward the close of April, 1774, those massacres took place in which Logan's family wholly perished, human nature — not to say Indian nature — could stand it no longer ; the tomahawk and the scalping-knife grew bright in every wigwam. From afar Boone heard the coming tempest, and longed to join in the war-dance ; for he hated an Indian as heartily as he loved an Indian life. He longed, but without prospect, until one day, behold ! riding down the valley in a foam, a messenger from Virginia, from Governor Dunmore, seeking one Boone, Daniel Boone, a woodman that had been in the West. All flocked to the door to hear the strange news. Boone sent for by a governor ! Think of it ! And for what ? To go westward to the falls of the Ohio and thereabouts, and conduct in the surveying parties who were lounging and measuring in that region ; for the gleam of steel was all along the

border. Daniel looked at his wife, drew a long breath, took down his rifle with the air of one whose mind is made up, though he does not say so, cast a second glance at his help-mate, who could not say nay when a governor and earl was the asker, and accepted the proposition.

Accordingly, on the 6th of June, 1774, in company with one Michael Stoner, he started upon his perilous journey, reached the surveyors in safety, and in safety reconducted them to the settlements ; the distance gone over being, by Boone's calculation, about eight hundred miles, and the time taken, two months. This trip, or "tour," as Mr. Filson calls it, exhibited the completeness of Boone's woodcraft to so great advantage as to lead to his after employment, first by Governor Dunmore, and next by a company which was proposing to settle the West on a large scale.

But before we speak of Boone's agency in the actual clearing and peopling of Kentucky, we ought to refer to an individual who explored the central portion of the State during the summer in which the North Carolina pioneer was engaged in rescuing the surveyors, and who built the first house in the West. This was James Harrod, the founder of Harrodsburg, where he erected his log-cabin in 1774, although Dunmore's war obliged him to abandon it for a season the same year. Harrod was not a man of education, that is, of book-learning ; he knew the woods, and, partially, the world ; his rifle he knew exactly and perfectly ; and the heart of man had been read by him with care, though not with selfish care. He was a bold, dashing, active man ; fond, like Boone, of forest life, but far less solitary and silent in his moods than that white Indian. He was a kindly man, too ; a natural, born gentleman, a practical philanthropist, one who would spend hours of hard labor, and risk his life, to reclaim a poor neighbour's horse or cow. He was too much a hunter and a lover of frontier life to play a great part in the politics of the West ; but over his comrades his influence was very great, and his name deserves to be held in respect by all who feel respect for those manly qualities which a border life so much calls for. He was forced to return, as we have said, from the valley of the Kentucky to that of the Kanawha, during the summer or early fall of 1774, to take his part in the war with the Shawanese. That war, however, was soon over ; the battle of Point Pleasant and the treaty of Camp Char-

lotte having closed it by November, 1774. Then began the real settlement of Kentucky, which, till that time, lay in all its forest beauty. The rude shed which Finley and Boone had built in 1769 had crumbled away, and the hut of Harrod was empty. Here and there trees had been felled, perhaps corn planted ; but, save in the brains of speculators, the land was still, in reality, the same virgin wilderness which the first explorers had found it. And this leads us back to Boone again.

In North Carolina, at that period, there prevailed the same fever which filled Virginia, a fever for western lands. Among those who were infected was one Richard Henderson, a man of note in his own neighbourhood. He had grown to manhood without learning even to read or write ; then he taught himself. He saw the world lying about him ready for use, and, filled as he was with energy, intellect, warm blood, and unguided ambition, he determined to use it for his own advancement. So he ran for constable, and won ; then for under-sheriff ; next began to creep up the slimy hill of legal renown and profit, until, while still young, he became associate chief judge of the colony. Meanwhile, he was no pedant, no dusty, dry recluse, but a gay, dashing, joking, popular man of the world. He lived freely, spent freely, speculated freely, and so lost all he had. What next ? Thinking how to extricate himself, the rumors of the fine lands beyond the mountains came to his mind again. Some of his near friends had long known Boone, and had heard from his own lips the tales he delighted in of the paradise toward the setting sun. Would it be possible to get those far-off lands ? If so, how ? From the king or the Indians ? Henderson saw the signs of the times ; he felt King George's hand slipping off the unruly colonies ; so he determined to get his fee from the savages. He soon learned the claim of the southern Indians, and quietly sought the leaders of the Cherokees, and with them blocked out a treaty for the purchase of the lands lying between the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers. Having associated with himself a number of rich and influential gentlemen for the prosecution of his scheme, a final deed was given by the Cherokees, on the 17th of March, 1775, at a meeting held on the Wataga, a branch of the Tennessee.

At this meeting Boone was present, on behalf of Hender-

son and his associates ; and at once set forward upon its conclusion, and probably before its signature, to open a road to the region first purchased. It was a difficult and dangerous task. The northern Indians were still smarting under the injuries which had caused the war of the year previous, and though the pipe of peace had been smoked with the Long Knives, it was no reason why their hunting-grounds should be invaded. As for the purchase from the Cherokees, what was it worth ? The Cherokees never owned the land. Boone understood all this, and went upon his way with armed men, and muffled footsteps. Over the mountains, across the valleys, through the tangled thickets, round the rough knobs, silently and safely the road-makers, blazing the trees as they went, passed along ; and at length the levels they were seeking came in sight. Though the Indians had not, up to that time, shown themselves, yet no sooner were the invaders within the plain than they were attacked. But the savages found their skill met by equal skill, and although they succeeded in killing four of the whites, they were unable seriously to impede their progress ; and on the 1st of April, 1775, the little band, having reached the Kentucky river and selected a site for their first station, began the construction of Boonesborough.

It was a fort, consisting of block-houses and cabins, which at first was the sole representative of the borough that bore Boone's name ; a fort some two hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred and fifty in breadth, placed sixty yards south or west of the river, near a salt-lick. Two months and a half of labor were devoted to it, — labor not without danger ; the pioneer worked with his axe in one hand and rifle in the other. Immediately upon its completion, Boone prepared to return to Carolina and bring his family to the new home he had made ready for them. But before he went, he had borne his part in the organization of the new government which was to oversee the affairs of Henderson's colony, the colony or province of Transylvania.

Upon the very day on which Boone and his assistants commenced their station, Henderson, with forty armed men, reached Powell's valley, on his way westward, and, following the road marked out by Boone, on or before the 20th of May, came to where his pioneers watched and labored. It was his purpose at once to organize his followers, agree

upon articles of union, and commence the process of legislation. Accordingly, word was instantly sent to the four stations which by that time had been begun ; for in the interval between Boone's arrival, late in March, and Henderson's, late in May, James Harrod had returned with a company, and commenced a settlement at a spot called Boiling Spring ; while Benjamin Logan, who had crossed the mountains in company with Henderson, had established himself at St. Asaph's. To these two germs of towns, and also to Harrodsburg and Boonesborough, Henderson sent solemn greeting, inviting each town to send delegates to the place we have last named, there to hold counsel and pass such laws as might seem fitting. On the 23d of May, according to summons, seventeen men took their places, as representatives of the youthful republic, under a vast elm-tree which grew about fifty yards from the Kentucky river, and around which the white clover spread as a carpet for their hall of legislation. A chairman and a clerk were chosen ; God's blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Lythe, a delegate from Harrodsburg, and then the proprietors were informed that the meeting was ready to hear from them ; whereupon Colonel Henderson made them a speech of some length on behalf of himself and associates. He laid down some of the great principles of legislation, and then drew the attention of his hearers to the peculiar laws required for them in their position. Among other subjects, he spoke of the need of laws providing for the recovery of debts, and referred with extreme severity to a proclamation which Lord Dunmore had issued when he heard of the purchase from the Cherokees, and wherein he put the world upon their guard against the baseless assertion of the Carolinians, that they were the true owners of the lands they claimed. Those lands the governor asserted to be within Virginia, and he treated the whole proceedings of the Transylvanians as illegal, and originating in a design to afford an asylum for debtors and desperadoes. The Carolina judge and his friends, many of whom were among the first men in America, treated with indignation, and rightly, this impudent assertion, that they wished to be the founders of an American Alsatia, — a prophetic picture of Texas. But while this ascription of base motives to them was needless and scandalous, Dunmore was perfectly right in the main point of Virginia's claim over the land in question ; and his

proclamation prevented that sale of lands by Henderson which might otherwise have taken place, besides serving as notice of the intention of Virginia, afterwards carried into effect, to exterminate the colony of Transylvania as an inter-loper.

Meantime, the members of the convention responded to the assertion of the proprietors, that they were entitled to frame rules for their own government, and proceeded forthwith, with praiseworthy speed, to the business of legislation. They were in session three working-days, and in that time passed nine laws, and framed a compact between the proprietors and people of the province. The laws they passed were as follows : — for establishing courts ; for punishing crimes ; for regulating the militia ; for punishing swearing and Sabbath-breaking ; providing for writs of attachment ; fixing fees ; for preserving the range ; for improving the breed of horses ; for preserving game. It is pleasant to notice that the last three bills were brought in by the Boones, both of whom were members of the convention. Such were the labors of the first Western legislature ; they were, as we have intimated, all in vain, in consequence of the superior claim of Virginia ; but they show that there was a free and self-sustaining spirit in the colony, and prove the presence of right principle among its founders. The first settlers of Kentucky have had no little injustice done them, in consequence of the existence at a later period of a class of “ river men,” who became, in the view of many, the representatives of the whole race of pioneers. But nothing could be more unlike the boasting, swearing, fighting, drinking, gouging Mike Finks, than Boone, Logan, Harrod, and their comrades, the founders of the commonwealth.

No sooner was the fort of Boonesborough completed than its founder prepared to do that which his heart had long been set upon, and which he had once before undertaken ; we mean, the transfer of his family to the West. He therefore left, about the middle of June, 1775, for the borders of the Clinch river, where his wife and children were still staying ; and, having packed up his few household matters for the second time, in September he returned to Kentucky with his own and three other families, the party numbering twenty-seven fighting-men, and four women, — the first four that had ever entered the wilderness, the “ mothers of the West.” These

bold females were Mrs. Boone, Mrs. McGary, Mrs. Denton, and Mrs. Hogan. And well may they be called bold. The contest with England was just commencing ; Washington was besieging Gage ; and all through the colonies the feelings of men were growing more and more embittered. Amid this gathering storm, it was clear that the British might be expected to use the Indians of the West and North as auxiliaries in the war which seemed to be inevitable, and those who made the frontier their home could look for nothing but the terrors of a border contest of unknown duration. Notwithstanding the dangers which beset them, emigrants flocked to the Eden of Kentucky. Some went thither, moved only by an insane love of gain, by a hope of making fortunes without labor in land speculation ; others saw in the new settlements the germ of a great community, which was to be guided and governed, and trusted to obtain that power which so many souls covet as life-food ; others, again, hoped for a society free from the evils and diseases of older communities ; while the fewest were moved, as Boone and Harrod were, by a love of nature, of perfect freedom, and of the adventurous life in the woods. Some have held the opinion, that the great pioneer, Daniel himself, was a mere land-jobber, and have even thought him a very selfish and dishonest one ; but that idea is passing away, we believe, from the few minds which ever held it. That he entered a good deal of land is perfectly true ; and that his entries were singularly incorrect, and subjected him and all holding from him to utter loss, and that they led him to claim what was not his, is not to be questioned ; but no reader of his life, we think, can long hesitate to believe, that, if he had made a fortune by his lands, he would have been unable to use it beyond those supplies which his forest-life called for. He would have pined and died as a nabob in the midst of civilization. He wanted a frontier, and the perils and pleasures of a frontier life, not wealth ; and he was happier in his log-cabin, with a loin of venison and his ramrod for a spit, than he would have been amid the greatest profusion of modern luxuries.

Among those men who came to Kentucky in 1775 was George Rogers Clark, of whom mention more than once has already been made in this work. He was a leader and a master spirit ; full of genius, full of energy and enterprise, his heart was as large and as fearless as his mind was pene-

trating and capacious. His biography yet remains to be written ; the necessary papers were once placed in the hands of Mr. Bliss, of Louisville ; but his sudden and violent death left the contemplated work undone, and we understand that the persons having possession of the materials for a full account of the " Western Washington " are unable to agree upon any individual at once able and willing to undertake the task. But we trust, that, before it is too late to elucidate many subjects which the manuscripts alluded to must treat of, by oral communications from surviving pioneers, the biography of Clark may be completed. He first entered the West in 1775, as we have said ; and, returning in 1776, at once assumed that prominent place in the affairs of his adopted land which he ever afterward retained. He saw the political importance of the new settlements, and perceived how great a benefit it would be to meet the British beyond the mountains, instead of suffering them to unite and concentrate the whole power of the Indians, north and south, upon the scattered positions along the mountain range, and thus create a powerful diversion in favor of the English armies, by assailing the colonies behind, while the regular troops were hunting the bleeding continentals from Long Island to Germantown.

We have referred to the fact, that Virginia, even under her royal governor, denied the right of the Transylvanians to the lands they had purchased of the Cherokees. In addition to the trouble arising from this claim of the Old Dominion, the settlers under Henderson were not satisfied with the situation of mere tenants, nor yet to be under a set of proprietors ; and this dissatisfaction was made more pressing by an unwise increase in the price of their lands on the part of the North Carolina purchasers. Clark easily saw just how the matter stood, and determined in his own mind that Kentucky should either be a part of the State of Virginia, and her citizens have the rights of Virginians, or that she should be independent of all the world. Acquainted as by instinct with mankind, and possessing that power, common to all leaders of mankind, the power of binding by enthusiastic sympathy other men to himself, he had not been long in the West before he had set such agencies at work as he trusted would accomplish his purposes. And he did not fail ; in June, 1776, while the Declaration of Independence

was ripening in the Philadelphia Congress, a little congress at Harrodsburg met, and appointed Clark himself and Gabriel Jones as members to represent Kentucky in the Assembly of Virginia. At this meeting, Clark was not present ; had he been, instead of sending members to the legislature of the mother State, Kentucky would have sent persons with power to treat for admission into the rights of Virginia, or proclaim the independence of the western colonies. And such, in substance, did he make his mission ; and, after no little vexation and labor, he procured the erection of the frontier settlements into the separate county of Kentucky.

Those settlements, meanwhile, were with open eyes watching the movements of their Indian neighbours. All along the border the impression grew daily more and more definite, that the savages, instigated and backed by the British, would suddenly swoop down, as in the time of Pontiac, and lay all waste. The hated race of “cabiners,” those speculators who came out to obtain a preëmption right by building a cabin and planting a crop ; the wretched traders who were always wandering about the frontier ; the hunters who were revelling among the countless herds of game now for the first time seen, — all began, during the winter and spring of 1776, to draw closer to the stations, and shrink from the shadows. And, within the stations, men sat round the fire with loaded rifles, and told their tales of adventure and peril with new interest, as every sound reminded them how near their deadly enemies might be. And from hour to hour scouts came in with rumors of natives seen here or seen there, and parties of the bold rangers drew their belts, and left the protection of their forts to learn the truth of these floating tales. But there was one who sat at such times silent and seemingly unheeding, darning his hunting-shirt, or mending his leggins, or preparing his rifle-balls for use ; and yet to him all eyes often turned. Two or three together, the other hunters started by daylight to reconnoitre ; silently he sat working, until day had drawn herself into the shadow of the earth, and the forest paths were wrapped in gloom. Then, noiselessly as the day had gone, he went ; none saw him go, — he had been among them a moment before, and then was missing. “And now,” said the loiterers by the smouldering logs, “we shall know something sure ; for old Daniel’s on

the track.” And when, by and by, some one yet wakeful saw the shadow of Boone, as he reëntered the cabin, unheard as a shadow, he found, as usual, that the solitary scout had learned all that was to be known, and the watchful slept in peace. We know of nothing more characteristic of Boone than this habit of his, so quietly, alone and in the darkness, to undertake the searching of the forest infested by Indians.

The spring of 1776 passed rapidly by, and summer came, and the grand woodlands lay in all their majestic beauty, clothed in leaves and blossoms, and the dreaded flood from the north had not yet come. But with July, — that memorable July, — the scene changed, and bands of Shawanese from beyond the Ohio, and of Cherokees from beyond the Cumberland, suddenly swarmed in the forests. Every day brought news of some one murdered ; the speculators and traders turned their faces eastward, and fled ; even farms, just commenced, were abandoned, and, by the 20th of July, more than three hundred emigrants had sought the shelter of the mountain posts. From station to station the news of the immense desertion spread like a pestilence, breeding new desertion. In some forts scarce enough remained to man them ; terror and anxiety were the common feelings of all but the calmest and bravest.

It was in the midst of this panic, on the afternoon of July 14th, that a daughter of Daniel Boone, some thirteen or fourteen years old, with two of her friends, daughters of Colonel Calloway, one about her own age, the other older, ventured upon the Kentucky in a little skiff within sight of Boonesborough. The bushes on the bank opposite the fort were thick, and came down to the water’s edge ; and little by little, the playful, laughing girls, paddling and splashing, drew near unconsciously to the thicket. A white man or two, lazily lounging in the shade of the station, watched the canoe as it rolled and danced, and said there would be an upset yet if those girls weren’t careful. And from the bushes ten other keener eyes watched the dancing bark, — the eyes of savage and wily enemies. Little by little, as the skiff drew nearer, one dark form, like the noiseless serpent, slid to the water’s edge, slid, hidden by overhanging boughs, into the bosom of the river, and was lost to sight. Suddenly the girls looked at each other, half amazed, half alarmed ; their boat, which was floating leisurely with the

leisurely current, had turned its bow toward the northern bank, and, by unseen agency, was skimming the water directly towards that shore. One of them sprang forward, and just then rose to sight the head of the cunning Shawanese who had seized the rope dangling from the bow, and who laughed aloud as the bitter shriek of the entrapped maidens rung through the drowsy air. One shriek, and they were beneath the branches, and stout arms seized them, and rough hands closed their mouths, and they were borne away. That shriek the loungers on the opposite shore heard ; had the boat upset, then ? No, there she was, just passing into the shadow of the boughs ; and they saw the girls struggling, and the dark forms of the captors, and heard the half-suppressed yell of triumph that they uttered, and the whole truth flashed on them. Then came the alarm, the hurry, the rapid council, and the inquiry, " Who will swim over for the canoe ? " There was no other ; but to seek that one, was it not certain death ? The Indians perhaps still lay there under those green curtains, waiting to pick off the garrison one by one, should they seek to pursue.

How this problem was solved, how the boat was regained or another procured, we have no means of knowing. We merely learn from Colonel Floyd, that the want of a canoe detained the whites for some time, so that the pursuers were able to go but five miles before nightfall. By daybreak, however, Boone had recovered the trail, and the avengers set forward ; but soon the track entered a cane-brake, through which the Indians had gone in such a manner as to make it impossible to follow them without spending hours in disentangling the maze, and hours could not be wasted. Life and death, freedom or captivity, hung upon the right use of every moment. Boone was not long at a loss ; turning southward with his companions, so as to leave the track upon his left, having carefully observed its general direction, and feeling sure that the captors would take their prisoners to the Indian towns upon either the Scioto or the Miami, he boldly struck forward, and travelled with all speed thirty miles or more ; then, turning at right angles toward the north, he looked narrowly for marks of the passage of the marauders. It was a bold and keen device, and the event proved it a sagacious one ; for, after going a few miles, they came upon the Indian trail in one of the great buffalo paths. Inspired

with new hope and strength, the whites pushed forward quickly but quietly, and on the alert, lest unexpectedly they might come upon the red men. And well was it that they used great caution ; for when, after going ten miles, they at length caught sight of the natives as they were leisurely, and half-stripped, preparing their dinner, the quick-eyed sons of the forest saw them as soon as they were themselves discovered. Boone had feared, that, if their approach was known, the girls would be killed instantly, and he was prepared for instant action. So soon, therefore, as the savages were seen, he and three of his companions fired, and then the whole body rushed forward so suddenly as to cause their opponents to take to their heels, without waiting for scalps, guns, knives, moccasins, or blankets ; and the three terrified girls were recovered unhurt.

The remainder of 1776, and the whole of the next year, were passed by the Western settlers in the midst of danger, and want, and ceaseless anxiety. At times, the stations were assailed by large bodies of savages ; at times, single settlers were picked off by single, skulking foes. The horses and cattle were driven away ; the corn-fields remained uncultivated ; the numbers of the whites became fewer and fewer, and from the older settlements little or no aid came to the frontier stations, until Col. Bowman, in August, 1777, came from Virginia with one hundred men. It was a time of suffering and distress through all the colonies, which was in most of them bravely borne ; but none suffered more, or showed more courage and fortitude, than the settlers of the West. Their conduct has excited less admiration out of their own section than that of Marion, and men like him, because their struggles had less apparent connection with the great cause of American independence. But who shall say what would have become of the resistance of the colonies, had England been able to pour from Canada her troops upon the rear of the rebels, assisted, as she would have been, by all the Indian nations ? It may have been the contests before the stations of Kentucky, and Clark's bold incursions into Illinois and against Vincennes, which turned the oft tottering fortunes of the great struggle.

But, however we may think of this point, we cannot doubt the picturesque and touching character of many incidents of Western history during the years from '77 to '80. Time

has not yet so mellowed their features as to give them an air of romance precisely ; but the essence of romance is in them. In illustration, we will mention one or two of these incidents, familiar enough in the West, but less known to the greater part of the readers of this Journal.

One of the eminent men of Kentucky in those and later times was General James Ray. While yet a boy, he had proved himself able to outrun the best of the Indian warriors ; and it was when but seventeen years of age, that he performed the service for a distressed garrison of which we are about to speak. It was in the winter of 1776-7, a winter of starvation. Ray lived at Harrodsburg, which, like the other stations, was destitute of corn. There was game enough in the woods around, but there were also Indians more than enough, and had the sound of a gun been heard in the neighbourhood of the station, it would have insured the death of the one who discharged it. Under these circumstances, Ray resolved to hunt at a distance. There was one horse left from a drove of forty, which Major McGary had brought to the West ; an old horse, faithful and strong, but not fitted to run the gantlet through the forest. Ray took this solitary nag, and before day-dawn, day by day, and week by week, rode noiselessly along the runs and rivers until he was far enough to hunt with safety ; then he killed his game, and by night, or in the dusk of evening, retraced his steps. And thus the garrison lived by the daring labors of this stripling of seventeen. Older hunters tried his plan, and were discovered ; but he, by his sagacity, boldness, care, and skill, safely pursued his disinterested and dangerous employment, and succeeded in constantly avoiding the perils that beset him. We do not think that Boone or any one ever showed more perfectly the qualities of a superior woodsman than did Ray through that winter.

If any one ever did, however, it was surely Benjamin Logan, in the spring of that same year. Logan, as we have seen, crossed the mountains with Henderson, in 1775, and was of course one of the oldest settlers. In May, 1777, the fort at which Logan lived was surrounded by Indians, more than a hundred in number ; and so silently had they made their approach, that the first notice which the garrison had of their presence was a discharge of firearms upon some men who were guarding the women as they milked the

cows outside the station. One was killed, a second mortally wounded, and a third, named Harrison, disabled. This poor man, unable to aid himself, lay in sight of the fort, where his wife, who saw his condition, was begging some one to go to his relief. But to attempt such a thing seemed madness ; for whoever ventured from either side into the open ground, where Harrison lay writhing and groaning, would instantly become a target for all the sharpshooters of the opposite party. For some moments Logan stood it pretty well ; he tried to persuade himself and the poor woman who was pleading to him, that his duty required him to remain within the walls and let the savages complete their bloody work. But such a heart as his was too warm to be long restrained by arguments and judicious expediency ; and suddenly turning to his men, he cried, "Come, boys, who's the man to help me in with Harrison ?" There were brave men there, but to run into certain death in order to save a man whom, after all, they could not save, — it was asking too much ; and all shook their heads, and shrunk back from the mad proposal. "Not one ! not one of you help a poor fellow to save his scalp ?" "Why, what's the good, Captain ? to let the red rascals kill us wont help Harrison." At last, one, half inspired by Logan's impetuous courage, agreed to go ; he could die but once, he said, and was about as ready then as he should ever be. The gate was slightly opened, and the two doomed men stepped out ; instantly a tempest of rifle-balls opened upon them, and Logan's companion, rapidly reasoning himself into the belief that he was not so ready to die as he had believed, bolted back into the station. Not so his noble-hearted leader. Alone, through that tempest, he sprang forward to where the wounded man lay, and while his hat, hunting-shirt, and hair were cut and torn by the ceaseless shower, he lifted his comrade like a child in his arms, and regained the fort without a scratch.

But this rescue of a fellow-being, though worthy of record in immortal verse, was nothing, compared with what this same Benjamin Logan did soon after. The Indians continued their siege ; still they made no impression, but the garrison were running short of powder and ball, and none could be procured except by crossing the mountains. To do this the neighbouring forest must be passed, thronging with Indians, and a journey of some hundred miles accomplished

along a path every portion of which might be waylaid, and at last the fort must be reëntered with the articles so much needed. Surely, if an enterprise ever seemed hopeless, it was this one, and yet the thing must be tried. Logan pondered the matter carefully ; he calculated the distance, not less than four hundred miles, in and back ; he estimated the chance of aid from other quarters ; and in the silence of night asked wisdom and guidance from God. Nor did he ask in vain ; wisdom was given him. At night, with two picked companions, he stole forth from the station, every breath hushed. The summer leaves were thick above them, and with the profoundest care and skill, Logan guided his followers from tree to tree, from run to run, unseen by the savages, who dreamed not, probably, of the possibility of so dangerous an undertaking. Quickly but most cautiously pushing eastward, walking forty or fifty miles a day, the three woodsmen passed onward till the Cumberland range was in sight ; then, avoiding the Gap, which they supposed would be watched by Indians, over those rugged hills, where man had never climbed before, they forced their way with untiring energy and a rapidity to us, degenerate as we are, inconceivable. The mountains crossed and the valley of the Holston reached, Logan procured his ammunition, and then turned alone on his homeward track, leaving his two companions, with full directions, to follow him more slowly with the lead and powder. He returned before them, because he wished to revive the hopes of his little garrison in the wilderness, numbering as it did, in his absence, only ten men, and they without the means of defence. He feared they would yield, if he delayed an hour ; so, back, like a chamois, he sped, over those broken and precipitous ranges, and actually reached and reëntered his fort in ten days from the time he left it, safe and full of hope. Such a spirit would have made even women dare and do every thing, and by his influence the siege was still resisted till the ammunition came safe to hand. From May till September, that little band was thus beset ; then Colonel Bowman relieved them. In the midst of that summer, as George Rogers Clark's Journal has it, "Lieutenant Linn was married — great merriment !" This was at Harrodsburg, near by Logan's station. Such was the frontier life !

It was a trying year, 1777, for those little forts in the

wilderness. At the close of it, three settlements only existed in the interior,—Harrodsburg, Boonesborough, and Logan's; and of these three the whole military population was but one hundred and two in number! Then 1778 came in; and the frontier men felt full of confidence, for the savages had tried, and in vain, to annihilate them, and had been forced to retire beyond the Ohio again, and the prospect of a quiet winter seemed reasonably good. One thing the stations much needed, however,—salt. So Boone, with thirty men, started for the Blue Licks, to enter upon the interminable business of boiling, the water being by no means strongly impregnated. Boone was to be guide, hunter, and scout; the rest cut wood and attended to the manufacturing department. January passed quietly, and before the 7th of February, enough of the precious condiment had been accumulated to lead to the return of three of the party to the stations with the treasure. The rest still labored on, and Boone enjoyed the winter weather in the forest after his own fashion. But, alas for him, there was more than mere game about him in those woods along the rugged Licking. On the 7th of February, as he was hunting, he came upon a party of one hundred and four foes, two Canadians, the remainder Indians, Shawanese apparently. Boone fled; but he was a man of forty-six, and his limbs were less supple than those of the young savages who pursued him, and in spite of every effort he was a second time prisoner. Finding it impossible to give his companions at the Licks due notice so as to secure their escape, he proceeded to make terms on their behalf with his captors, and then persuaded his men by gestures, at a distance, to surrender without offering battle. Thus, without a blow, the invaders found themselves possessed of twenty-eight prisoners, and among them the greatest, in an Indian's eyes, of all the Long Knives. This band was on its way to Boonesborough to attack or to reconnoitre; but so good luck as they had met with changed their minds, and, turning upon their track, they took up their march for Old Chillicothe, an Indian town on the Little Miami.

It was no part of the plan of the Shawanese, however, to retain these men in captivity, nor yet to scalp, slay, or eat them. Under the influence and rewards of Governor Hamilton, the British commander in the Northwest, the Indians had taken up the business of speculating in human beings,

both dead and alive ; and the Shawanese meant to take Boone and his comrades to the Detroit market. On the 10th of March, accordingly, eleven of the party, including Daniel himself, were despatched for the North, and, after twenty days of journeying, were presented to the English governor, who treated them, Boone says, with great humanity. To Boone himself Hamilton and several other gentlemen seem to have taken an especial fancy, and offered considerable sums for his release ; but the Shawanese also had become enamoured of the veteran hunter, and would not part with him. He must go home with them, they said, and be one of them, and become a great chief. So the pioneer found his very virtues becoming the cause of a prolonged captivity. In April, the red men, with their one white captive, about to be converted into a genuine son of nature, returned from the flats of Michigan, covered with brush-choked forests, to the rolling valley of the Miamis, with its hill-sides clothed in their rich, open woods of maple and beech, then just bursting into bloom. And now the white blood was washed out of the Kentucky ranger, and he was made a son in some family, and was loved and caressed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, till he was thoroughly sick of them. But disgust he could not show ; so he was kind, and affable, and familiar, as happy as a lark, and as far from thinking of leaving them as he had been of joining them. He took his part in their games and romps ; shot as near to the centre of the target as a good hunter ought to, and yet left the savage marksmen a chance to excel him, and smiled in his quiet eye when he witnessed their joy at having done better than the best of the Long Knives. He grew into favor with the chief, was trusted, treated with respect, and listened to with attention. No man could have been better calculated than Boone to disarm the suspicions of the red men. We have called him a white Indian, and, except that he never showed the Indian's blood-thirstiness when excited, he was more akin in his loves, his ways, his instincts, his joys, and his sorrows to the aboriginal inhabitants of the West than to the Anglo-Saxon invaders. Scarce any other white ever possessed in an equal degree the true Indian gravity, which comes neither from thought, feeling, or vacuity, but from a bump peculiar to their own craniums. And so in hunting, shooting, swimming, and other Shaw-

anese amusements, the newly made Indian-boy Boone spent the month of May, necessity making all the little inconveniences of his lot quite endurable.

On the 1st of June, his aid was required in the business of salt-making, and for that purpose he and a party of his brethren started for the valley of the Scioto, where he stayed ten days, hunting, boiling brine, and cooking ; then the homeward path was taken again. But when Chillicothe was once more reached, a sad sight met our friend Daniel's eyes ; four hundred and fifty of the choice warriors of the West, painted in the most exquisite war-style, and armed for the battle. He scarce needed to ask whither they were bound ; his heart told him Boonesborough ; and already in imagination he saw the blazing roofs of the little borough he had founded, and saw the bleeding forms of his friends. Could he do nothing ? He would see ; meanwhile be a good Indian and look all ease and joy. He was a long way from his own white homestead ; one hundred and fifty miles at least, and a rough and inhospitable country much of the way between him and it. But he *had* travelled fast and far, and might again. So, without a word to his fellow-prisoners, early in the morning of June the 16th, without his breakfast, in the most secret manner, unseen, unheard, he departed. He left his red relatives to mourn his loss, and over hill and valley sped, forty miles a day, for four successive days, and ate but one meal by the way. Such power there is in the human frame of withstanding all fatigue and hunger, when the soul is alive and strong within us.

He reached Boonesborough, — and where was his wife ? Why did she not rush to see him ? “ Bless your soul,” said his old companions, as they hailed him like one risen from the dead, and shook his hand till it tingled, “ she put in to the settlements long ago ; she thought you was dead, Daniel, and packed up and was off to Carolina, to the old man's.” How Boone felt and looked we leave our readers to imagine ; but he had little time to express his feelings, for he found the station wholly unprepared to resist so formidable a body as that which threatened it, and it was a matter of life and death that every muscle should be exerted to get all in readiness for the expected visitors. Rapidly the white men toiled in the summer sun, and through the summer night, to repair and complete the fortifications, and to have

all as experience had shown it should be. But still the foe came not, and in a few days another escaped captive brought information of the delay of the expedition in consequence of Boone's flight. The savages had relied on surprising the stations, and their plans being foiled by their adopted son Daniel, all their determinations were unsettled. Thus it proved the salvation of Boonesborough, and probably of all the frontier forts, that the founder of Kentucky was taken captive and remained a captive as long as he did. So often do seeming misfortunes prove, in God's hand, our truest good.

Boone, finding his late relatives so backward in their proposed call, determined to anticipate them by a visit to the Scioto valley, where he had been at salt-making ; and about the 1st of August, with nineteen men, started for the town on Paint Creek. He knew, of course, that he was trying a somewhat hazardous experiment, as Boonesborough might be attacked in his absence ; but he had his wits about him, and his scouts examined the country far and wide. Without interruption, he crossed the Ohio, and had reached within a few miles of the place he meant to attack, when his advanced guard, consisting of one man, Simon Kenton, discovered two natives riding one horse, and enjoying some joke as they rode. Not considering that these two might be, like himself, the van of a small army, Simon, one of the most impetuous of men, shot, and rushed forward to scalp them, — but found himself at once in the midst of a dozen or more of his red enemies, from whom he escaped only by the coming up of Boone and the remainder. The commander, upon considering the circumstances, and learning from spies whom he sent forward that the town he intended to attack was deserted, came to the opinion that the band just met was on its way to join a larger body for the invasion of Kentucky, and advised an immediate return.

His advice was taken, and the result proved its wisdom ; for, in order to reach Boonesborough, they were actually obliged to coast along, go round, and outstrip a body of nearly five hundred savages, led by Canadians, who were marching against his doomed borough, and, after all, got there only the day before them. And now,

“Up, drawbridge, up ! let the portcullis fall !”

On the 8th of August, with British and French flags flying, the dusky army gathered around the little fortress of logs, de-

fended by its inconsiderable garrison. Captain Duquesne, on behalf of his mighty Majesty, King George the Third, summoned Captain Boone to surrender. It was, as Daniel says, a critical period for him and his friends. Should they yield, what mercy could they look for ? and he, especially, after his unkind flight from his Shawanese parents ? They had almost stifled him with their caresses before ; they would literally hug him to death, if again within their grasp. Should they refuse to yield, what hope of successful resistance ? And they had so much need of all their cattle to aid them in sustaining a siege, and yet their cows were abroad in the woods. Daniel pondered the matter, and concluded it would be safe, at any rate, to ask two days for consideration. It was granted, and he drove in his cows ! The evening of the 9th soon arrived, however, and he must say one thing or another ; so he politely thanked the representative of his gracious Majesty for giving the garrison time to prepare for their defence, and announced their determination to fight. Captain Duquesne was much grieved at this ; Governor Hamilton was anxious to save bloodshed, and wished the Kentuckians taken alive ; and rather than proceed to extremities, the worthy Canadian offered to withdraw his troops, if the garrison would make a treaty, though to what point the treaty was to aim is unknown. Boone was determined not to yield ; but then he had no wish to starve in his fort, or have it taken by storm, and be scalped ; and he thought, remembering Hamilton's kindness to him when in Detroit, that there might be something in what the Captain said ; and at any rate, to enter upon a treaty was to gain time, and something might turn up. So he agreed to treat ; but where ? Could nine of the garrison, as desired, safely venture into the open field ? It might be all a trick to get possession of some of the leading whites. Upon the whole, however, as the leading Indians and their Canadian allies must come under the rifles of the garrison, who might with certainty and safety pick them off if treachery were attempted, it was thought best to run the risk ; and Boone, with eight others, went out to meet the leaders of the enemy, sixty yards from the fort, within which the sharpest shooters stood with levelled rifles, ready to protect their comrades. The treaty was made and signed, and then the Indians, saying it was their custom for two of them to shake hands with every white man when a treaty was made, expressed a wish to press the

palms of their new allies. Boone and his friends must have looked rather queer at this proposal ; but it was safer to accede than to refuse and be shot instantly ; so they presented each his hand. As anticipated, the warriors seized them with rough and fierce eagerness, the whites drew back struggling, the treachery was apparent, the rifle-balls from the garrison struck down the foremost assailants of the little band, and, amid a fire from friends and foes, Boone and his fellow-deputies bounded back into the station, with the exception of one, unhurt.

The treaty trick having thus failed, Captain Duquesne had to look to more ordinary modes of warfare, and opened a fire which lasted during ten days, though to no purpose, for the woodsmen were determined not to yield. On the 20th of August, the Indians were forced unwillingly to retire, having lost thirty-seven of their number, and wasted a vast amount of powder and lead. The garrison picked up from the ground, after their departure, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of their bullets.

With this invasion from the north terminated the first period of the history of Kentucky ; and here we shall close our article. Had a Clark, instead of a Duquesne, led the band which besieged Boonesborough, the West would probably have been wrested from the Americans, notwithstanding the conquest of Kaskaskia, — the stations were so few, and the garrisons so feeble. But in 1779 and 1780, emigrants poured in in crowds, and, after the siege of Boonesborough, there never was a time when the force in the interior and at the Falls was not such as to put all serious injury to the settlements out of the question. In 1779, the public lands were disposed of ; Lexington, Bryant's station, and several others, were commenced ; Clark took Governor Hamilton prisoner at Vincennes ; and the progress of events thenceforward became more that of a society, and less purely individual.

Of the progress of that society we may at some future time speak. In this paper we have wished chiefly to hint at the characters and acts of the few men who led the little band which, from 1769 to 1779, was the ceaseless object of the hostility of the Indians, and to whom, as we have said, so much injustice has been done by confounding them with the vicious braggarts and cut-throats of a later period.